

Harry to Harry, shal not horse to horse  
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a coarfe:  
Oh, that Glendower were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Doug.* Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of it.

*Wor.* I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the Kings whole battel reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirry thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be.

My father and Glendower, being both away,

The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Com let vs take a muster speedily,

Domes day is neere, die al, die merily.

*Doug.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*

*Fal.* Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of  
sacke, our souldiers shal march through, Weele to Sutton cope  
hill to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money, Capitaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an angell.

*Fal.* And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-  
ty, take them all, He auser the Coynage, bid my Lieutenant  
Peto meete me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will, Capitaine, farewell.

*Fal.* If I be ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sowth gurnet, I  
haue misused the Kings preste dammably. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150 souldiers, 300 and odde poundes. I prest mee  
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out  
contracted batchellers, such as had bene askt twice on the  
banes, such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare  
the Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuier,  
worfe the a strook foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I, prest me none  
but such tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger  
then pious heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and  
now

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-  
tenants, gentlemē of companies, slaues as ragged as Lazarus  
in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores:  
and such as indeed were neuer souldiers, but discarded vniust  
seruing mē, yonger sons to yonger brothers, reuolted rapsters  
& Ostlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long  
peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged, then an olde fazde  
ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue  
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a  
hundred and fifty tottered prodigals, lately come from swine-  
keeping, from eating draffe & husks. A madd fellow met mee  
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded al the gibbets & prest  
the dead bodies. No eie hath seene such skar-crowes. He not  
march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and the  
villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on,  
for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison, there's not a  
shirt and a halfe in al my company, and the halfe shirt is two  
napkins tack't together, and throwe ouer the shoulders like  
a Heralds coate without sleeues, and the shirt, to say the truth,  
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red nose Inkeeper of  
Dauntry, but that's al one, thei'll find linnen enough on eue-  
ry hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.*

*Prin.* How now, blowne Jack? how now, quilts?

*Fal.* What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuell dost thou  
in Warwickshire? My good L. of Westmerland, I cry you mer-  
cie, I thought your honor had already bin at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, sir Iohn, it is more than time that I were there, &  
you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tell  
you, lookes for vs all, we must away al night.

*Fal.* Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale  
Creame.

*Prin.* I think to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
ready made thee butter: buttell me, Iack, whose fellowes are  
these that come after.

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut, good enough to tolle, foode for powder, food,